

The Evening World

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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
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SPOILING HIS HONOR'S FUN.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S criticism of District-Attorney Whitman for his action in trying to put a stop to the disgraceful nightly spectacle of the police throwing unoffending patrons out of a restaurant where they had every reason to believe they had a right to be, bears the familiar earmarks of pained self-righteousness and infallible virtue. Of course if the District-Attorney is inciting resistance to my police and my edicts then the responsibility for all the disorder rests upon him and I can no longer meddle with the personal liberties of law-abiding citizens. The question will have to go to the courts.

In the name of justice and common sense where else should it go? Does the Mayor regret that the police must leave off pushing people about and standing them on their heads while the courts consider the matter? Would he rather have the rough-house go on until all respect for police authority has been punched and jostled out of a peaceable public?

These restaurant patrons were not crooks or criminals. Supported by a ruling of the Court of Special Sessions they believed they had a right to eat their food in peace. If there was any doubt they deserved the full benefit of it.

In any case the attitude of the District-Attorney, who has helped obtain warrants against fourteen of the raiding policemen, paves the way for an orderly handling of the whole matter before the courts. However much His Honor has enjoyed playfully hunting the public with his obedient strong-arm pack, he has to admit that the sport is over.

Cleveland city officials estimate that municipal dance halls charging three cents a dance would make money enough to run the parks. Hint for way to lower taxes in New York: Dance them down.

FATAL STUPIDITY.

NO WONDER a taxicab charge of \$2.50 to take him and his luggage from the pier a distance of half a mile struck former Commissioner of Accounts Fosdick, returning from Europe, as "legalized highway robbery." And no wonder he expressed amazement when told how certain taxicab companies are sullenly resisting the new ordinance for which The Evening World made its long fight.

Mr. Fosdick has just come from London, where, as he declared, "such actions would be laughable and the arguments used by hotel men would fall flat." The London public rides in fine taxicabs at sixteen cents for the first mile, yet "there could be no argument that a hotel patron would get better service from one company or brand of vehicle than another, because all vehicles are compelled to come up to a rigid standard and are constantly inspected. Private stands are an imposition and would not be tolerated in London or any other European city. There the sidewalks belong to the cities."

This is not the first time Mr. Fosdick has studied taxicab conditions abroad. He agrees with the view constantly urged by this newspaper that the big New York taxicab companies are doomed if they stick to their ignorant notion of the taxicab as a luxury for only a small portion of the public. "Instead of being the vehicle for every man, as in Europe, the taxicab here is reserved for special occasions for the wealthy. Paid for privileges put a premium on a public necessity."

Every argument, every scrap of evidence put forward by the New York taxicab interests now seeking to evade the law proves only that while they demand from the public protection and favors for their business they do not propose to be part of a public service. Why, then, should the public grant them privileges or license them as such?

WHY NOT?

For the benefit of our Hungarian visitor who, after three days in New York, interviewed an Evening World reporter to find out why we can't tell who is Governor of New York, why people can't eat in this city when they feel hungry, why the police are encouraged to thumb their noses at the courts and why a man can't ride ten blocks in a taxicab without paying more than twice what it would cost in Budapest, we take pleasure in suggesting that he give a dinner for four and fill the other chairs with William J. Gaynor, Charles F. Murphy and the president of any taxicab company that comes handy. Crumbs of information on the above topics that fall from the table will be eagerly devoured by a famished public.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.
Born Aug. 15, 1769.

Letters From the People

Vacation Advice.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I think that if the vacationist who is so much displeased with her job since her return to work would go to a quiet place in the country where there were no other girls or only girls who were there to rest and not to overwork, or wear themselves out hunting for a good time, on her return home her memories would be much brighter. There are plenty of places in the country where any girl who conducts herself properly could stay for a couple of weeks for much less than what she would pay at a "resort." Plenty of good, decent places are there who would be glad to add a few extra dollars to their income and give her a good place to sleep and plenty of plain country food. She could rest all day in the shade of a tree. That would be my idea of a rest, and I know what I am talking about, for I live in the country and know plenty of such homes.
A. R. R.

For the Municipal Bath.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I offer the following suggestions to the conditions of the municipal baths: Have a large quantity of basins of a durable material—for instance, such as are used for keeping overcoats free from moth, or of some material that can be fumigated. These basins to have a large bank at the top. Now, as each

patron enters the bathhouse let him be given a bag and go to the first empty room; undress and don his bathing suit. Then let him place his clothes in the bag. He then may leave the room, give his bag to a clerk, who shall hang it by a hook on a rod and give the bathers a check the number of which corresponds to the one on the bag. When the bather returns he gets his bag and clothes himself in any empty room. Now, let us look at the result. The bather will thus have occupied a room for a period only long enough to undress and dress. In the mean time scores of other people will have been able to use the room for similar purposes. I certainly think that by this method the baths could be made to accommodate a great many more people, and at slight expense.
M. G. B.

A Parcel Post Idea.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A simple three line amendment to the postal laws will put printed matter into parcel post. In other words, as the department recommends, consolidate third and fourth class matter. You can send a fifteen-ounce catalogue with an ounce of garden seeds or a basket of cooking by parcel post. Leave out the sample and send the catalogue separately and it costs eight cents a pound. This is too foolish for argument. Why not have the change made at once, readers? Write to your Congressman.
J. D. HOLMES.

The Self-Cocking Mayor

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By Robert Minor



The Jarr Family



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JOHNSON, the cashier in Mr. Jarr's office, was a bachelor who still considered himself in the juvenile class. But, as Mr. Jarr had cruelly teased him at times, he "bean was all" to the September morn'. From this it will be gleaned that the efficient cashier of the establishment was inclined to baldness.

In fact, from where Mr. Jarr's desk was placed, that gentleman could look over a sky line of desks and observe the top of Johnson's head looming in the distance like the ivory dome of a distant State house.

"Ivory dome," Mr. Jarr had often reflected, "is a correct description. And the allusion to a State house cupola is also correct. For there is just about the same amount of brains under all of 'em."

And now, back at his desk after his strenuous vacation, Mr. Jarr gazed around to view the old familiar scene again. But what a change was there! In place of the ivory dome of Johnson that had for so long dominated his view, Mr. Jarr beheld what he at first mistook to be an Eden cheese.

"It's either that," said Mr. Jarr to himself, "or else it's a white flag with

Adam's Successor.

"What did she mean by saying this bum summer resort is like the Garden of Eden?"
"Because there's only one man here."

Mr. Jarr Beholds, in Mid-August, a Weird "Skating To-Day" Sign

"Come on over and see how Johnson's old bald knob is unburned," he whispered to Jenkins, the bookkeeper. "Keep a straight face and tell him a good strong liniment is the best thing to soothe it. Maybe he'll send out and get some and we can whistle while he dances after the lotion is applied." They approached for a rear view, to see if the scarlet skull was beginning to blister or had started to pack. But Johnson, turning to face them, disclosed a band or white space of untanned skin around the forehead. It made the bachelor from the Bronx look uncanny. His whole upper works resembled a gigantic specimen of the 15-ball in pool (the red ball with the white stripe around it). "Smatter with your bean?" asked Mr. Jarr. "It looks as though the top was painted red and hinged on. Open it up. There's nothing there." "Either hair or brains," interjected Jenkins with a laugh. "What are you guys cackling about?"

"When we see a big red egg like that we gotta cackle," replied Mr. Jarr. "I don't take my vacation in a cave," snarled the cashier. "I don't go to work in the mines during my holidays." This was a slap at Jenkins who had been visiting relatives in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania upon several occasions.

"How did you spend your vacation?" Being held upside down with the upper part of your pan in boiling water?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Now, I didn't," growled Johnson. "While you poor married dubs were sitting home peeling potatoes on your vacation, I was on the tennis courts playing with society bobs. I won a silver cup in the Bronx tennis tournament finals; and, for all you henpecked half portions know, went to Newport and played with the Vanderbilts!"

"Admitting every lie you tell is true, explain the white streak, the white streak around your forehead?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Any person in society—anybody but members of the flat-dwelling or cheap computing lower middle classes—would know that mark was from playing tennis," said Johnson scornfully. "Skilled players all wear a handkerchief around their forehead while on the courts."

"Wait till the boss gives you the once over," said Mr. Jarr. "You'll get laid off without pay till you once more regain the semblance of a human being."

"I got the mark playing with the boss and his charming young wife at their country place in the Berkshires," snapped the cashier. "Wait till you see how HE looks!"

It might have been a bluff but it worked. Mr. Jarr muttered he had only been joking. And later on Jenkins took the cashier out to luncheon and asked him about how much it cost to lay out a tennis court.

Hedgeville Editor.

By John L. Hobbie.

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EKE REYNOLDS says that every man's idea of a decent income is twice as much as he is getting.

WHEN some men get kicked they apologize for being in the way.

THE less sense an animal or anybody else has the more serious it looks.

REV. PROST says that the man who gets mad when he shouldn't is no worse than the one who doesn't get mad when he should.

DEACON QUARTS says that the only way an honest man can get along in this world is to marry a rich widow.

The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

No. 61—LORNA DOONE, by R. D. Blackmore.

THE Doones were the terror of the whole Exmoor region of England during the last half of the seventeenth century. Old Sir Ensor Doone had been deprived of his estates. And with his kinsfolk and retainers he had taken up quarters in an almost inaccessible valley. Thence, at the head of his sons and followers, he was wont to sally forth on raids of his peaceful neighbors' property. Robbery, bloodshed, nearly every crime on the calendar—all were more or less truthfully laid to the account of the Doones.

They were a race of giants. Any Doone who was not at least six feet one inch tall and twenty-two inches across the shoulders was driven forth from the valley and forced to the ignominy of earning an honest living somewhere.

On one said the Doones captured a little girl, Lorna by name, daughter of one of their rich kinsmen. Knowing she was heiress to a huge fortune, they brought her up to womanhood in their valley, intending to keep her in the Doone family by marrying her some day to Carver Doone, most brutal and relentless of this brutal and relentless clan.

But Lorna, woman like, had plans of her own. She chafed to meet a young farmer, John Ridd, who was as huge and powerful as any giant among the Doones. Lorna's father had been murdered by Carver Doone.

And the youth hated the very name of the vile family. But he speedily fell in love with Lorna and she with him.

When Carver's attentions to the girl grew too pressing, John Ridd carried her away to his own farm. Carver, with a gang of outlaws at his back, swooped down on the farm to burn it, kill all its inhabitants and kidnap Lorna.

But John and his men saved the Doones so warm a welcome that the invaders were driven off pell mell, leaving two of their number dead and two prisoners. John and Carver met during the scuffle. Carver was at John's mercy, but the young giant could not bring himself to slay his foe in cold blood. So he merely thrashed Carver and sent him back to his valley.

John and Lorna were about to be married when Government messengers came to escort her to London. The secret of her high birth had been learned. She thus became a "ward in Chancery." In other words, the British Government was henceforth to be the guardian of herself and of her property until she should come of age. This meant separation from John, who bitterly grieved over her absence and who nursed a morbid belief that so rich a girl could never consent to marry a common farmer like himself.

Soon afterward John was summoned to London to answer a false charge of having been concerned in the Monmouth rebellion. And there, as he stood staring at a court procession, he caught a glimpse of Lorna. She was one of the beauties of the London season and was courted by a dozen nobles. Yet she sent for John to come at once to her house. There she renewed her vows of love to him, but told him her relatives at court were trying to coerce her into a marriage with a nobleman.

John, during his stay in London, was so lucky as to unearth a plot against the king, for which royal service he was knighted and went back to Exmoor as "Sir John Ridd." On his arrival home he found the Doones had renewed their neighborhood depredations. And he headed an assault on their valley. The power of the Doones was forever crushed by this onslaught. Carver alone escaping.

Lorna, meantime, by heavily bribing Jeffreys, the Lord High Chancellor, had bought her way out of Chancery and had purchased the right to marry John Ridd. She hurried north to Exmoor with her good news.

As John and Lorna stood before the altar at the conclusion of their marriage service, Carver Doone, creeping up to the church window, fired point blank at Lorna. She fell bleeding across the altar.

John Ridd laid her in his mother's arms and without a word went forth to seek Carver. Unarmed, he attacked the blackguard, overcame him and hurled him into a quagmire. There the last of the Doones was drowned before the eyes of the man whose bride he had sought to kill.

Lorna recovered from her wound in spite of the earnest blunders of all the Exmoor doctors, and lived for many happy years as Lady Ridd.

A Shot and a Revenge.

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Just Summer Suggestions

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TOILET HINTS.
It is an exploded theory that frequent washing is death to luxuriant hair. It is advisable to wash the hair at least once every two weeks in summer time. A good tar soap and lukewarm (not hot) water is best. Let your hair dry in the open air if possible, but not in the blazing sun. When it is half dried start to massage the scalp with your fingertips. This will quicken the circulation and bring new life to the roots of the hair. After washing, the hair is more or less tangled. In hot weather this proves more irritating than in winter, and is apt to pull and tear at it to hasten matters. Always brush your hair out from the ends first. Then work your way toward the roots. You will find it is a much easier method and one that will pull out much less hair.

In the hot weather one's feet seem to be particularly bothersome. Shoes are never just right, and when night comes the predominant thought is: "Oh, won't it be good to get my shoes off!" There are many powders, etc., on the market that are supposed to benefit aching feet, but nothing much better than the following remedy of our grandmothers has been found. It is simple and inexpensive. Place the feet in SALT water as hot as you can stand it. Let them remain there for at least fifteen minutes, adding more hot as the water cools. Pat them dry. Do not rub them. Then dust them lightly with fuller's earth or talcum. This will take all the burn and sting out of them. It should be done just before going to bed, so that it isn't necessary to put the shoes right off again.

The May Manton Fashions

SIMPLE draperies makes an important feature of autumn styles. The dress is most becoming if handled and provides fullness and folds of the most fashionable sort. The skirt consists of only two pieces—skirt and bodice—over a panel. The trimming strap over the front combines with the box plait of the waist to give becoming continuous lines. As it is shown here, the dress is made of white chambray with trimmings of lace, but the material both can be varied to suit different needs. In place of the chambray a plain panel of contrasting material can be used and the same material can be utilized for collar and cuffs. Crepe de chine with moire trimming would be handsome.

For the 16-year old the dress will require 4½ yards of material 44 inches wide, with 4 yards 18 inches wide for the collar and cuffs. The bodice will require 1½ yard of plain material 21 for the panel. The skirt is 1 yard 11 inches in width at the lower edge.

Pattern No. 7972—Draped Semi-Princess Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 Years.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second Street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second Street. New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.